

ASTROUS RAILWAY COLLISION AT ILFORD: PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,492.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

One Halfpenny.

H.M.S. FORMIDABLE SUNK IN THE CHANNEL BY MINE OR
SUBMARINE: HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE.

932 X



The new year has started with a serious naval loss. H.M.S. Formidable, a British battleship, has been sunk in the Channel, whether by mine or by a torpedo launched from a German submarine is at present uncertain. Seventy-one survivors were picked

up by a British light cruiser, and it is possible that others may have been rescued. The Formidable was an old vessel, and was laid down in 1898. The portrait is of Captain Arthur Loxley, who is given in the November Navy List as commanding the lost vessel.

FORTY VICTIMS OF SEASIDE EXPRESS SMASH ON G.E.R.

Slantwise Collision at Ilford Station with Train Packed with City Workers.

12 KILLED, 30 INJURED

Thousand Spectators on Platforms See Engine Plunge Through Seven Carriages.

SOLDIERS TO RESCUE.

Man with Both Legs Mutilated Calmly Smokes Cigarette When Extricated.

ENGAGED GIRL'S FATE.

Passengers' Graphic Stories of Heartrending Scenes Amidst Twisted Wreckage.

A terrible railway collision, in which twelve passengers it is feared were killed and twenty-eight were injured, occurred on the London side of Ilford Railway Station yesterday morning.

The colliding trains were:—The 8.20 from Gidea Park and Squirrels Heath, due to reach Liverpool-street at 8.57. The Clacton, Walton-on-Naze and Frinton express, which left Clacton at 7.6 and was due to arrive at Liverpool-street at 8.52.

The following official statement was issued by the Great Eastern Railway:—

At 8.40 a.m. at Ilford Station the Clacton breakfast train ran into the side of a local Romford train, which was at the time passing from the up local line to the up through line.

So far as can be at present ascertained the signals were set for the local train. About ten passengers have been killed and at least twenty seriously injured. A number received minor injuries.

All the officers were promptly on the ground and every attention was given to the injured. Several carriages are seriously damaged, as well as the engine of the express. There is not much damage to the permanent way. The line will be partly reopened in a few hours and entirely restored by evening.

It was officially stated later that the bodies of two of the victims were still embedded in the wreckage and were not likely to be recovered for some hours.

A remarkable feature of the collision was that it was watched by over 1,000 people who were standing on the platform of Ilford Station waiting for other trains.

NAMES OF VICTIMS.

The names of the dead and injured include:—KILLED.

Mr. Daniels, of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Mr. Delfgow, Seven Kings. August Lambert, 106, Kinfawns-road, Goodmayes.

Mr. George Maylam, Chief Traffic Manager's Office, G.E.R.

Mr. Richardson, Engineers' Dept., G.E.R. Mr. Frank Simmons, Hornchurch.

Alexander White, 46, Norfolk-road, Seven Kings.

INJURED.

— Berry, clerk on the G.E.R., legs injured. Mr. T. W. Bolton, 45, Ladysmith-road, Seven Kings, and, throat.

Mr. Cecil, clerk in the Audit Office, G.E.R., shock.

Chapman, clerk on the G.E.R., shock. Mr. K. J. Clarke, Seven Kings, bruised head and shaken.

Mr. A. P. Cook, Seven Kings, shaken. Mr. Eorley, 51, South Park-drive, Ilford, shaken.

Mr. W. Fordham, 4, Montrose-villas, Green Lanes, Ilford, shaken.

R. H. Gann, Seven Kings, fractured leg. Mr. Genlond, of the Secretary's Office, Great Eastern Railway, suffering from shock.

Mr. F. Harner, Shenfield, shock. Mr. Marsden, Hatfield Peverel, shaken.

Mr. Mills, 9, Westwood-road, Goodmayes, ankle injured.

Mrs. Sellers, Seven Kings, shaken. Mr. Smith, Parcels Office, G.E.R., shaken.

Mr. E. T. Staines, 183, Brentford-road, Romford, badly injured.

Mr. Stevens, 81, Eastwood-road, Goodmayes, shaken.

Mr. H. W. Townsend, Seven Kings, hurt back. Mr. Weth, Catholic Herald, right arm injured.

Mr. Whiffen, 46, Goodmayes-avenue, Goodmayes, fractured leg.

Mr. S. Willis, 8, Vicarage-gardens, Seven Kings, bruised.

Mr. S. Winch, 32, Kimberley-avenue, Seven Kings, shock.

The following were attended to at London Hospital:—

Man, unknown, concussion. Walter Coakes, seriously injured. Mr. Beatty, slightly injured, but not detained.

EXPRESS'S PLUNGE.

The 8.20 train from Gidea Park was packed with business men and women on their way to the City.

The engine of the Clacton express ploughed right through seven of the carriages and pitched down the embankment, where it remained a twisted mass of metal, emitting clouds of smoke and showers of sparks.

Three carriages also fell down the embankment, and were twisted and smashed in extraordinary fashion.

Heart-rending scenes were witnessed when the work of rescue began.

Several of the bodies were found lying underneath the bogey of the engine. They were quite unrecognisable.

The shrieks and groans of the injured were piteous. Hundreds of helpers assisted in the work of rescue, but as many were pinned fast beneath the heavy beams it was no easy task.

One officer in uniform had both legs terribly mutilated, yet during his removal he was calmly smoking a cigarette.

A baby of two years old was literally cut to pieces, while a man was whirled round and round on an axle until he was crushed.

Another accident was narrowly averted, as the 8.40 train from Ilford only managed to come to a standstill a little distance from the wreckage.

LOVER'S TRAGIC FIND.

Two of the bodies which had not been extricated up to a late hour yesterday were those of a young woman and a middle-aged man.

The girl was decapitated, and was evidently reading at the time of the smash, as a novel was lying close beside her.

She was identified by her sweetheart, but her name had not been made public up till a late hour last evening.

It is feared that there is yet another victim, a Great Eastern Railway employee.

Most of the bodies were removed to the local mortuary. The engine was described as being "doubled up like a concertina." The framework of the boiler was bent, and the engine, to a great extent, reduced to scrap iron.

WOMEN'S FRANTIC GRIEF.

"I was in the front part of the 8.37 train from Seven Kings to Liverpool-street," Mr. H. D. Roberts, of 17, Ripley-road, Seven Kings, told *The Daily Mirror*.

"Our compartment was full, six passengers sitting on either side and one standing up.

"We had just passed through Ilford, and were crossing from the local to the main line, when suddenly I felt a terrific shock. The train had stopped dead.

"Everyone was thrown together, broken glass and things were tumbling about us.

"I and another passenger were both cut about the face, and all were considerably shaken.

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

"Women were busy helping to extricate the dead and injured.

"Women were running about frantically inquiring for husbands and sons."

"Then our train seemed to pitch like a boat on a heavy sea, and those passengers who were standing in our overcrowded compartment were thrown violently against their fellow-passengers sitting down.

wreckage, and carried him to the side of the line, and then laid him down. He rolled over and over and groaned piteously.

"It seemed to me that dozens of passengers had been imprisoned in the wreckage.

"Then I made me feel faint.

"A number of railway officials and other people rushed up from the station, and with passengers from the rear coaches of our train tried to lift the overturned first-class coach.

"Our efforts, however, were unavailing, and someone went off to fetch an axe.

"The engine of the Clacton train was overturned and I was told by a companion who had travelled with it that it had fallen partly in a coal yard by the side of the line, and it so badly injured a horse that the animal had to be shot.

"Most of the wreckage of the local train was terrible, and the cries of the wounded I cannot banish from my thoughts."

Passengers in the compartment immediately in front of that in which Mr. Cross was sitting were warned of the imminence of the accident.

A man in a corner seat saw the express engine and he shouted: "Keep your seats; there's going to be a smash."

Several people in that compartment were violently shaken, but no one sustained serious injury.

PREVIOUS DISASTERS ON G.E.R.

Previous bad accidents on the Great Eastern include the following:—

1874. Thorpe, near Norwich.—Collision between two trains on single line; twenty-six killed and fifty injured. (East Norfolk Railway.)

1890. Hackney Downs.—Axle of train broke; three killed, thirty injured.

1908. Witham.—Train derailed; eleven killed, forty injured.

1913. Colchester.—Express collided with stationary engine; three killed, nine injured.

SMOKED THOUGH MAIMED

A vivid account of the disaster was given by Mr. C. Garment, who was a passenger on the local train.

"My father and I joined the train at Goodmayes. The compartment was crowded, a number of persons standing up.

"I was looking out of the carriage window when I saw the express dashing towards us.

"I shouted out, and the other occupants crouched down, awaiting the crash.

"The express, I should say, was coming at forty miles an hour, and it crashed right into a first-class compartment in the middle of the train, cutting it in two.

PINNED UNDER BEAMS.

The force of the impact threw us all in a heap.

"I was dazed for a few seconds, and when I got out I realised the awfulness of the collision.

"The engine of the express and the first carriage had fallen down the embankment, while the carriage of the local train was a heap of wreckage.

"The cries of the injured passengers were heart-rending.

"I joined the willing band of helpers to extricate the injured from the debris, but this was no easy task, as many were pinned fast beneath the heavy beams, which we were unable to move.

"Those who were injured were got out they were laid along the railway bank.

"Meanwhile the police from the surrounding districts were summoned, and they soon arrived with stretchers.

CALMLY SMOKED A CIGARETTE.

Several of the injured had limbs missing. I saw an officer in uniform removed from a compartment of the express with both legs terribly mutilated.

"During his removal he was calmly smoking a cigarette.

A number of women were among the injured. As soon as possible the injured were removed to hospital.

I remained giving a hand for nearly two hours, and when I left there still remained a number of passengers beneath the wreckage.

SEEN FROM PLATFORM.

"The list of killed and wounded is heavy, but it is remarkable that it was not even greater," said Mr. J. Gibson, of Mayfield-avenue, Ilford, *The Daily Mirror*.

He saw the collision from the platform of Ilford Station.

"Both the express and the local were very crowded and very long trains," he said.

The local, in fact, must have carried at least 1,000 passengers—all city workers, bound for Liverpool-street.

"It was lucky, too, that the accident did not occur in the station, for there were at least a hundred people on the platform, waiting for another train.

"The express was travelling at about forty-five miles an hour—rather slower than usual."

It should have been the first through, as the local train usually follows it three or four minutes later.

"It was clear that something was wrong when we saw both trains come into view at the same time.

DRIVER'S ESCAPE.

The express was either late or the local was running ahead of its time.

"The express engine plunged wildly after the collision and toppled over into the yard of the Romford Paper Mills. It fell on a carman and buried him and broke the horse's back.

The driver and fireman, by wonderful good fortune, escaped any serious injury."

PARIS FROCKS AT QUARTER PRICE

Women Able to Dress Cheaper Than Ever This Winter.

BLOUSES FOR 4d.

Women this winter can dress fashionably at a very small cost.

In the suburban shops the handy needlewoman can find material for a blouse for 4d., as cambric can be bought for one penny a yard.

A full outfit for a well-dressed woman can be purchased for under £20, and this sum includes the luxury of a fur coat.

The following table gives a good idea of current prices:—

Fur coat	£5	5	0	Half-price.
Evening gown	5	0	0	Reduced from 6 guineas.
Hat (Paris)	10	10	11	Usually 2 guineas.
Boots	0	8	11	Usually 18s. 11d.
Slippers	0	2	6	Usually 3s. 11d.
Afternoon dress	1	6	11	Usually 4 guineas.
Traveling coat	9	11	0	Usually 3 guineas.
Costume	2	2	0	Usually 5, 6 and 7 guineas.
Blouses (4)	5s.	10	0	Half a guinea to a guinea.
Silk petticoat	0	5	0	Usually 2 guineas.
Set of lingerie	0	10	0	Usually 2 guineas.
Silk and lace stockings	0	1	0	Usually 2s. 11d.

£15 2 9

Ordinary tailored walking skirts can be bought by a woman with a limited purse for 3s. 11d., for which she would in the general way pay 10s. 6d.

DINNER DRESSES FOR £1.

This is a good useful cloth skirt for mornings and wet days. Handbags of good design are ticketed at 1s. 11d.

For the well-to-do woman there are even more bargains than for her less wealthy sister, and elaborate dinner dresses are being sold at the record prices of £1 and £2 each.

Paris frocks costing twenty-five guineas are obtainable at the low price of from three to five guineas. Four guinea corsets can be bought for two guineas.

Quite nice little walking shoes only cost 6s. 11d., and a rainy day velvet hat which the wind cannot displace can be purchased for 1s. 11d.

At some West End shops *The Daily Mirror* found silk taffetas coat for evening wear reduced from ten guineas to one guinea and tea-gowns for under £1.

Velveten dresses which usually cost three or four guineas can be bought for 11s. 9d. and matrons' velvet dresses for 25s. 11d.

"GIVE ME A CHANCE."

Plea of Young Soldier Charged with Desertion— Wife and Children Ill.

A pathetic story of a soldier's home troubles was told at the District Court-Martial, held at Chelsea Barracks yesterday, when No. 13,407 Private Ernest Greenslade, Army Service Corps, was tried for desertion.

Sergeant-Major G. Lombard said that on the night of November 12 he warned accused that he would be required to parade at four next morning to take a place in a draft proceeding overseas. Accused was absent from roll-call next morning, and the draft proceeded without him.

After evidence of arrest had been given, prisoner handed to the Court a written statement, in which he said he threw himself on the mercy of the Court, and asked to be dealt with leniently.

"I am only a young soldier (the statement went on). Four months' service, and I have a wife and three children. I left a good situation to join this corps, and it was never in my head to desert. It was done on the impulse of the moment, as my wife and two youngest children were ill and I could not resist the temptation of going home to see them. I hope you will take into consideration that if you send me to prison my home will have to be broken up bit by bit. I should be only too willing to go with the next draft if you will give me a chance."

Evidence was given that accused had twice been in trouble for absence. The finding of the Court will be promulgated.

FROM CLERK TO DIRECTOR.

Alderman Sir James Duckworth, who died at Rochdale yesterday began work in a cotton mill at the age of six, and later built up a great business at a provincial town.

Sir Frederick Harrison, a director of the London and North-Western Railway, whose death was also reported yesterday, provides another example of a man rising from small position, having begun life as a junior clerk.

Sir Edward Charles Macnaghten, K.C., who has succumbed to pneumonia, was the eldest son of Lord Macnaghten, and came from a famous sporting family.

THE REWARD OF SOBRIETY.

Alderman Wragge, of York, has a novel scheme for promoting temperance in the ancient city.

Two years ago he promised a sovereign to a number of men and women if they remained unconvicted of drunkenness for twelve months.

In 1913 seven received their reward, and last year, out of ten new starters, six have been successful.

The sums of £1 were therefore placed to their credit in their bank books yesterday.

BRITISH BATTLESHIP FORMIDABLE SUNK IN ENGLISH CHANNEL

Was Lost Warship Mined or Attacked by Submarine?

16 OFFICERS AND 134 MEN SAVED FROM SEA.

Thrilling Story of Brixham Trawler's Rescue of 70 in Water-Logged Cutter.

£1,000,000 SHIP BUILT 14 YEARS AGO.

The British battleship *Formidable* was sunk yesterday morning in the Channel, whether by submarine mine is not known. Names of fourteen officers and sixty-six men, who are reported saved, were issued last night by the Admiralty.

In an earlier message it was stated that the number of survivors was seventy-one, and that these had been picked up by one of our light cruisers.

Early this morning it was reported from Torbay (Devon) that two officers and sixty-eight men were picked up at sea by a trawler and brought to harbour.

Thus at least 150 officers and men, it is believed, have been saved. There are hopes that others of the crew have been rescued by other vessels.

A dramatic story of the trawler's rescue work appears on this page.

Britain's sorrow is for the fine sailors who have lost their lives, and everyone will earnestly hope that the loss of life will not be so great as is to be feared.

The loss of the warship, although to be deplored, can scarcely be said to affect the military situation, for we can build other battleships quicker than Germany can, and, moreover, we have splendid ships coming into our Navy.

H.M.S. *Formidable* was fourteen years old, was a battleship of 15,000 tons, and cost over £1,000,000 to build. Her complement was 781 officers and men.

A point that must not be forgotten in the naval part of the war is this:—

The German fleet skulks in the seclusion of Kiel, and rarely offers a target to our Fleet. Now and again wild dashes are made to add further infamy to the record of the German fleet as "baby killers," and that is all. But our Fleet rides the seas, daring all things.

H.M.S. FORMIDABLE'S FATE IN THE CHANNEL.

14 Officers and 66 Men Reported Saved—Light Cruiser to the Rescue.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

The battleship *Formidable* was sunk this morning in the Channel, whether by mine or submarine is not yet known. Seventy-one survivors have been picked up by a British light cruiser, and it is possible others may have been rescued by other vessels.

The Secretary of the Admiralty late last night announced the names of fourteen officers and sixty-six men who are reported to be saved. A further list is to be published as soon as information is available. The officers are as follows:

Lieutenant Henry D. Simonds.
Lieutenant Bernard W. Gresham.
Lieutenant James C. J. Soutter.
Engineer Commander Charles J. M. Wallace.
Assistant Paymaster Sidney W. Stenon.
Assistant Paymaster R. N. R. Francis H. Wakeford.
Carpenter Sydney McClelland.
Artificer Engineer John Robert.
Midshipman Eustace J. Guinness.
Midshipman Norman P. Hurd-Wood.
Midshipman Dent P. Kelly.
Midshipman W. Derek Stephens.
Midshipman Walter L. Agnew.
Midshipman Trethowan T. Wynne.

FOUGHT SEA FOR 70 LIVES.

The following story of the rescue of seventy survivors appears in the *Western Daily Mercury*:—

After being in their open cutter for nearly twelve hours two officers and sixty-eight men of the *Formidable* were rescued by the Brixham fishing-smack *Providence*.

They were bearing west-north-west. The *Providence* was running before a gale to Brixham. They were amazed to see a small open boat driving through the mountainous seas with one oar hoisted as a staff from which was flying a sailor's scarf.

Captain Pillar swung the *Providence* clear. Meanwhile the cutter drifted towards them,

although at times they lost sight of her in the heavy sea.

Four times did the gallant smackmen seek to get a rope to the cutter. Each effort was more difficult than the last, but in the end they obtained a good beach on the port tack.

A small warp, as thrown and caught by the sailors. This they made fast.

Then the naval men began to jump on board, but even now there was a danger of losing men, as the seas were rising some 30ft. high at times. The rescues from the cutter to the smack took thirty minutes to accomplish. A lad of eighteen having suffered from exposure, required immediate treatment to save his life.

The officer in charge of the cutter, *Torpedo Gunner Harrigan*, was the last to leave, and he found himself clutching the mizen-mast to get aboard the *Providence*.

Having accomplished this the cutter's rope was then cut. She was full of water, having a hole under her hull.

This had been stuffed with a pair of pants, of which one of her seamen had divested himself for the purpose.

Those of the rescued men who were wearing no trousers were accommodated in the engine-room, and the others in the cabin and the fish-hold.

COFFEE AND "SMOKES."

All had been rescued by one o'clock, and a course was then shaped for Brixham. All the food the *Providence* carried was fairly divided, and all the cigarettes and tobacco possessed by her crew were shared amongst the benumbed sailors. They were also regaled with hot coffee.

Near Brixham the *Providence* fell in with the *Denadée*, which took her in tow, and she was berthed at the pier.

Residents of Brixham brought blankets, clothing and boots to the survivors, for a great number of them were without caps or footwear. They were housed in comfortable quarters.

The officer in charge of the cutter commended the gallant seamanship of the Brixham fishermen, and characterised it as being beyond all praise.

"It blew as hard this morning as it had ever blown," remarked one of the weather-beaten fishermen, to which a bare-footed bluejacket with a safety belt around his neck replied: "Here we are again; undress uniform; swimming costume!"

OUR LOSSES AND THEIRS.

The following is a list of the naval losses of Great Britain and Germany:—

BRITISH LOSSES.		ARM'D CRUISERS.	
BATTLESHIPS.	Tons.	Good Hope	Tons.
<i>Formidable</i>	15,000	<i>Aboukir</i>	12,000
LIGHT CRUISERS.	Tons.	<i>Cressy</i>	12,000
<i>Hawke</i>	7,350	<i>Hogue</i>	9,500
<i>Spurwhe</i>	5,600	<i>Monmouth</i>	12,000
ARMED LINERS.	Tons.	Oceanic	17,724
<i>Pathfinder</i>	2,430	SUBMARINES.	
<i>Pegasus</i>	2,196	<i>A 1</i>	800
<i>Niger</i>	810	<i>E 3</i>	800
<i>Speedy</i>	810	<i>D 5</i>	550

GERMAN LOSSES.

ARM'D CRUISERS.		LIGHT CRUISERS.	
<i>Scharnhorst</i>	11,600	<i>Muegdenburg</i>	4,500
<i>Gneisenau</i>	11,600	<i>Köln</i>	4,350
<i>York</i>	9,350	<i>Mainz</i>	4,350
ARMED LINERS.	Tons.	<i>Endau</i>	3,650
<i>Cap. Atafalcar</i>	18,710	<i>Königsberg</i>	3,400
<i>Berlin</i>	12,924	<i>Leipzig</i>	3,250
<i>Kaiser Wilhelm</i>	13,952	<i>Ariadne</i>	2,650
<i>Prussen</i>	7,980	<i>Hela</i>	2,040
<i>Spreewald</i>	3,850	<i>Gormoran</i>	1,650
<i>Roonstein Luise</i>	10,785	<i>Geier</i>	1,600
<i>Markomannia</i>	4,505	DESTROYERS.	
<i>Pontopore</i>	4,045	<i>V 187</i>	650
GUNBOATS.	Tons.	<i>S 115, S 117, S 118</i>	250
<i>Jaguar</i>	950	<i>S 119</i>	At least
<i>Leuch</i>	900	four others have	
<i>Itia</i>	880	been sunk.	
<i>Tiger</i>	862	TORPEDO-BOATS.	
<i>Mova</i>	650	One (number unknown).	
<i>Hedwig</i>	120	SUBMARINES.	
<i>Tainstant</i>	168	<i>U 15</i>	650
<i>Valerian</i>	168	And one other.	400

£1,022,745 BATTLESHIP

The *Formidable*, which cost £1,022,745, was of 15,000 tons displacement, was completed in 1901 and carried a complement of 781 officers and men.

The main armament consisted of four 12in. guns and twelve 6in. guns, and in addition she carried ten 12-pounders and six 3-pounders.

She was equipped with four torpedo tubes, and had a speed of eighteen knots.

P 16829



Lieut. E. A. Hill.

P 16829



Lieut.-Com. W. C. Harrison.

P 16829



Lieut. T. H. S. Tatham.

Officers who, according to the latest Navy List, were on board the ill-fated *Formidable*.—(Russell.)

ALLIES' DARING AIR RAID ON METZ AT NIGHT.

Bombs Dropped on the Railway Stations—French Still Advancing in Alsace.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—The following official communication was issued here this afternoon:—

From the sea to Rheims fighting has been almost exclusively confined to artillery engagements.

The enemy bombarded without any result the village of Saint Georges and the bridge head defence organised by the Belgians to the south of Dixmude.

A lively cannonade turned to our advantage between La Basse and Carancy, between Albert and Roye, in the district of Verneuil and Blanc Sablon (near Craonne).

At the latter point we further demolished some German works.

In the region of Perthes and Beausejour we maintained our gains of December 30.

The activity of the artillery arm on each side was interrupted throughout the day on the 31st.

TRENCH BATTLES.

In the Argonne the enemy made a very violent attack in the Bois de la Guris along almost the whole front.

At certain points he gained some fifty yards, but was immediately counter-attacked.

In the Verdun district there were violent artillery engagements.

Between the Meuse and Moselle, to the north-west of the Flirey, during the night of the 30th and the morning of the 31st the Germans carried out six violent counter-attacks in an attempt to recapture the trenches won by us on the 30th. They were all brilliantly repulsed.

Our airmen made a night bombardment of the railway stations of Metz and Arranville.

We continue to make progress foot by foot in Steinhalt.

During the morning of the 31st the enemy's artillery showed great activity, but in the afternoon our batteries assumed a clear advantage.

—Reuter.

Last night's official communiqué issued in Paris, and the reports of the day's operations had been received.

THE KING'S 'GOOD WISHES.'

King George, says a Reuter Paris message, has sent the following telegram to President Poincaré:—

"On the occasion of the New Year I should like to express to your Excellency my good wishes for you and for the great nation of which you are President."

"I am certain that the New Year will witness a still greater drawing closer of the bonds of warm friendship and alliance so happily existing between Great Britain and France, and the desire that the great struggle in which we and our Allies are engaged against the common enemy should be brought to a victorious conclusion by the complete triumph of the Allied Forces."

M. Poincaré, in the course of a very cordial reply, said:—

"France, resolved to struggle until a complete triumph in the common cause, is proud to be today defending the liberty of peoples and the moral patrimony of humanity together with England and our Allies."

THE LOST SHIP'S OFFICERS

According to the last Navy list these officers, whose names are not in the Admiralty list of saved, were in the *Formidable*:—

Captain Arthur N. Loxley.
Commander Charles F. Ballard.
Lieutenant-Commanders William C. Harrison and Henry L. Street.
Lieutenants Trevor H. S. Tatham, Edmund A. Hill, Hugh G. H. Cox, and Edward W. H. Humphrey.
Engineer-Lieutenant William Waters.
Captain (Royal Marines) John C. Deed.
Lieutenant (Royal Marines) George H. V. Hathorn.
Chaplain Rev. G. B. Robinson.
Fleet Surgeon Godfrey Turner, M.B.
Fleet Paymaster Percy J. Ingham.
Surgeon William Mearns, M.B.
Sub-Lieutenant Philip J. L. Skinner.

THE KING'S THOUGHT FOR NAVAL AIRMAN.

Royal Cable to Flight-Commander Hewlett: "I am Delighted and Greatly Relieved."

Hewlett: "I am Delighted and Greatly Relieved."

JEST WITH A ZEPPELIN.

"I am delighted and greatly relieved to hear that you are safe, and I heartily congratulate you.—GEORGE R.I."

This was the message, says a Reuter Amsterdam telegram, that the King sent to Flight-Commander Hewlett, who is at present staying with the British Consul at Ymuiden, Holland.

It was at 6.30 p.m. on Thursday, after spending six rough days at sea on board the trawler *Maria van Hattem*, that the gallant airman arrived at Ymuiden, says a Central News Amsterdam message.

Commander Hewlett's story in substance is as follows:—

His seaplane was the first of the squadron to leave the British ships.

He ascended to a considerable height, but while pursuing his course along the coast he ran into dense fog, and missing Cuxhaven altogether flew on a distance into Germany before discovering his mistake.

When he eventually picked up his bearings he found himself back in a north-easterly direction, and passed Cuxhaven on the west. In so doing, however, he observed the Zeppelin sheds.

DODGING ENEMY'S FIRE.

His seaplane was then at a great altitude, but he descended in a sharp volplane until he was within 600ft. of the sheds and launched his bombs.

A heavy fire was directed against him, but he manoeuvred the aeroplane with such rapidity that he escaped being hit.

Commander Hewlett failed to discover the British squadron, but on approaching Heligoland observed a strong squadron of German



FLIGHT-COMMANDER HEWLETT.

warships, whereupon he repeated his previous manoeuvre, and coming down to within 600ft. of the vessels dropped his remaining bombs.

One of these fell on one of the largest ships of the squadron, and although it was impossible for him to ascertain the nature of the damage caused he saw a great cloud of smoke rising from the ship.

Once more the Pilot searched for the British warships, but before he could locate them his engine failed and he was compelled to come down to the surface of the sea.

Having done so, he attempted to repair the engine, but his efforts in this direction were unsuccessful, and after several hours he was picked up by the trawler.

During his flight Commander Hewlett steered his machine with his left hand and made full notes of his observations with his right.

PLAYING WITH ZEPPELINS.

YMUIDEN, Jan. 1.—When flying out from Cuxhaven Commander Hewlett was followed by German Zeppelins and aeroplanes.

He showed contempt for the former and flew alongside one of them, the occupants of which were unable to get at him.

Commander Hewlett will remain here for a few days, as certain formalities prescribed by the authorities have to be complied with, but he will not be interned.—Central News.

BUSY WITH U.S. NOTE.

In diplomatic quarters Reuter's Agency learns that the question of the British reply to the American Note is being carefully considered, and that an answer framed in the friendly and frank fashion of the American Ambassador's letter will shortly be dispatched.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—High officials stated today that no specific instances of the detention of American ships were included in the Government Note to Great Britain because these had been dealt with at considerable length in the voluminous correspondence of the past five months, and the British Foreign Office was familiar with them.—Reuter.

"GOING TO MARKET": A NOVEL PRISONER OF WAR.



Pigs are always valuable animals, but especially in war time, when roast pork is a particularly dainty dish for soldiers. This pig has been "captured" and made a prisoner of war by the French Army. He is being conveyed into camp by a tiny donkey who has been working hard for the Allies in the rôle of a "supply column."

BRAVE OFFICER.

P. 16329



Captain Stephen Ussher, of the 129th Duke of Connaught's Own Baluchis (an Indian regiment), who died after being recommended for bravery.

THE SONS OF LABOUR ARE AT THE FRONT.

P. 16376

P. 16377



The Labour Party is proving itself a patriotic party. Here are the two sons of Mr. G. N. Barnes, the Labour member for Glasgow, Robert and Henry, who are serving with the colours.



This photograph was taken during the fighting in the Argonne. A French earth mine is exploding under a German first line trench. Note the large shell holes in the foreground. The French earth mines have done terrible execution during the war.

CULTURE.

The word culture has been bandied about a good deal of late, especially the variety spelt with a "K" and demonstrated by Germany.

Apropos of this, attention may be drawn to another form of culture, not, however, associated with human conduct, but nevertheless important as it is connected with bodily health.

It is known as the "lactic" culture—a healthy germ, the special mission of which is the destruction of harmful, poisonous germs.

Most food causes the accumulation in the system of harmful germs, which undermine one's health, a fact borne out by a report from one of the leading London hospitals, which stated that "for long it has been recognised that the excessive multiplication of harmful bacteria and the inability of the body to eliminate them was the predisposing cause of many diseases."

The regular consumption of a food which contains lactic cultures is the surest way of assisting the body to eliminate harmful bacteria, and the one food which contains these valuable cultures in pure and active form is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

This delicious cheese is well known by doctors, who recommend it freely because they know the beneficial action of lactic cultures in the system.

It is sold by the leading grocers and dairymen at 6½d. a packet.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE de LUXE
PURITY
FLAVOUR
VALUE
QUALITY
"The Mackintosh Touch"
— that is the whole secret of the success of Toffee de Luxe.

MARKETING BY POST.

PHEASANTS! Pheasants!! Pheasants!!! 6s. brace; 4 partridges, 4s.; 3 hazel hens, 3s. 6d.; 2 wild duck, 4s. 6d.; 3 teal, 5s.; 3 chickens, 5s.; 3 larger size, 5s. 6d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 6d.; hare and 2 chickens, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid, all birds trussed. Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware Rd., London, W.
THE Greatest Money Saver of the Age! What is it? Why is it? "Quillia," the famous non-inflammable stain eradicator, of world-wide renown and British manufacture; "Quillia" removes all spots of Oil, Grease, Dirt, Paint, Ink and Blood from all materials, dresses, coats, carpets, etc., does not leave a "ring" on the material like benzine, or injure the colour of the article; motorists always use it; post 2s. 6d. to-day for large box to "The Quillia" Company, 24, Ryder-st., St. James's, London, S.W.

GARDENING.

SEEDS—Free trial packets with bargain Lists Seed Potatoes, Roots, Bulbs, Plants, Fruit Trees; cash or easy terms.—A. Lighton, 87, Kirton, Boston.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915.

THE TRUCE ENDED.

YESTERDAY'S NEWS about the Formidable breaks the lull of the strictly unofficial truce of Christmas.

The papers have been full of stories about this Christmas in the trenches. Either from those returned on leave from the front, or from letters, we hear and read the same report of perfect friendliness between individuals, officers and men, of the opposing sides. In one place, a German officer, speaking, of course, excellent English, as nearly all German officers do, came and called a rest. Here gifts were exchanged, there food or wine. You might have seen in the German ranks little rows of sparkling trees making a flicker in the mist. Actually it seems that some of the men sang the songs of the other side for a change. The German and British rankers get on very well together.

So hard is it for human nature to keep up the gospel of hate when chance throws men into a companionship of toil and danger! And the civilian who reads about it feels inclined to ask: "Why, if they can change to friendliness from enmity for one day—because it's Christmas Day—cannot they keep up the friendliness always—because of Christ? Or, if not because of Christ, then because of the instinct for mere self-preservation in humanity?"

You had better refer to those whose profession it is to indoctrinate the races into rivalry. But it will be no good asking the soldier. The soldier's heart has rarely any hatred in it. He goes out to fight because that is his job. What came before—the causes for the war and the why and wherefore—both him little. He fights for his country and against his country's enemies. Collectively, they are to be condemned and blown to pieces. Individually, he knows they're not bad sorts. So the irony of the gods displays itself.

Meanwhile hatred, greed, indignation somewhere surely there must be—otherwise why this childishness? Certainly there is hatred, there is precedent greed. But mainly at home. The diplomats and counts and Kaisers and Crown Princes, the journalists and statesmen and loafers in cafes, the people growing apoplectic-red in Berlin streets—these mobilise in hatred. The soldier has other things to think about. He has to work and win. Consequently he has no time for rage, and blind furies only overwhelm him when the blood is up over fierce tussles in the heat of the thing. At other times the insane childishness is apparent to him. He sees the absurdity. An explosion from Black Maria he greets with a wave of the spade from his trench. From the German trench comes a voice wishing Thomas Atkins good morning. The French, after some fierce fighting, stop for dinner with their eternal gaiety and gallantry of manner that no trials extinguish, though often it is a manner only—at heart they feel the weight of things. Over there, too, far off on the other frontier, Austrian and Russian are playing leapfrog together. The prisoners are taken and the victors see that they are ordinary men. Not bad sorts again! How unpatriotic! An Austrian liking a Russian! Imagine Count Tisza's perplexity. And imagine how puzzled must those doctrinaires of hatred feel who perpetually maintain that war is an intimate and essential portion of the soul of man.

Exceptions there may have been, out there in the trenches, on Christmas Day. The general atmosphere was as these many letters and reports reveal it.

But now an end to the truce. The news, bad and good, begins again. 1915 darkens over. Again we who watch have to mourn many of our finest men. The lull is finished. The absurdity and the tragedy renew themselves.

W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

SNOBBISHNESS.

I HEARTILY AGREE with all "M. L." says, and may I add "snobishness" is, unfortunately, a besetting sin among English people, and women are the greatest sinners in this respect, from the parlourmaid, who looks down on the general; the nursery-governess, who looks down on both; the trained and academical lady, who looks down on all three; and the married lady with two servants, who looks down on the lady next door who doesn't keep any; and Mrs. De Something-or-other whose great uncle was forty-second cousin to an earl, who looks down on Mrs. Brown opposite, whose father was a butcher—each and all forgetting that the things that really matter are kindness of heart, sound common sense, and sympathy (the greatest of all). Also they entirely forget that in the end we can each occupy only our little

leaves a sum not exceeding 4s. on which to buy dress, pay for washing and amusements. The clothing bill must necessarily be more varied, if not more costly, than the indoor clothes of the domestic.

Now for the wages of the "poor" domestic. I am not going to include "generals," as they are usually quite young and are on promotion. If we do include them it only makes things look more ominous for the typists, as the latter when "qualifying" receive a weekly "salary" of from 4s. to 8s. On the other hand, the "general" gets £12 to £18 a year even at the commencement. Taking food, lodging and washing into account, this comes somewhere into the region of £1 a week.

Parlourmaids, cooks and other upper servants get yearly wages of £26 upwards to £50. This, added to food, lodging, etc., is equal to a weekly wage of nearly 28s. for the lowest-waged servant

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' CONJURING TRICK.



Great Britain was by now to have been completely suppressed by Prussian world-power. They never counted on the lion being more than a rabbit in a lion's skin!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

six feet of soil, and that St. Peter does not issue any first-class or reserved tickets for Heaven. The sooner "snobishness" is stamped out of England the happier will be the state of this country.

E. W. COFFING.

WHICH ARE the best paid—typists or domestic servants?

Very few typists succeed after many years of struggle in earning 30s. a week, and the great majority get less than £1.

I will take £1 weekly as the average wage of a typist.

Out of this she pays 2s. 6d. to 3s. fares to the City or West End in the course of a week. Her

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2jd. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

in this class. As for the statement "that a servant could not fill a typist's place at short notice," I venture to say that a servant could more easily and successfully do a typist's work than a typist could assume the role of a "poor" domestic.

GEO. WICKENDEN.

AFTER STORM.

Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray. Who with her radiant face, and sunny smile, Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds, And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire. And now the sun with more effectual beams Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet From dripping plant, or drooping tree; the birds, Who all things now behold more fresh and green, After a night of storm so ruinous, Cleared up their choicest notes in bush or spray. To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

—MILTON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is not wealth or ancestry, but honourable conduct and a noble disposition, that make men great.—Ovid.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Gleams of Happiness in the Hard Task at the Front.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES.

TO ADD TO the many interesting letters one has read in your paper, I thought this one might interest your many readers.

On Christmas Day we held a grand dinner in a café, lent for the purpose. Our sergeant had gone to a lot of trouble in arranging it to please us. Private H— (otherwise Von Kluck, the butcher, as we termed him) acted admirably as the cook. We had everything in the way of turkeys, geese and plum-pudding, fruit and wines, cigarettes and tobacco. Sergeant H—, together with Corporal A— and Private F—, acted as waiters. Thirty of us sat down to dinner and drank the health of the King.

We had a game of football after, and returned for tea at six. Then we settled down to a sing-song. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves till eleven with the singing and a gramophone. Early in the afternoon we drank to the health of Princess Mary and early victory. We retired to our respective lorries, where we sleep, happy as could be. We enjoyed ourselves as well if not better than had we been at home.

2705.

1st Cal. Div. Sup. Col.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

"WE MAY BE miserably deficient in French," as your correspondent, "ignorant but Ashamed," points out, but we are also very deficient in opportunities.

I have just left a big town where there were French classes on nearly every evening of the week except on Wednesday—early closing day—this being the only time a shop assistant could attend a class, and it is shop assistants who most require French in the present crisis. Given good vocabulary and knowledge of grammar, it is quite easy to speak French, the chief difficulty my experience being to understand it when spoken rapidly by French people.

The ear requires more training than the tongue. What we need is a French lecture in each town on early closing day, for shop people who can speak French but have not been able to go abroad for ear-training. I, however, do not think Belgians are over anxious to meet people who speak French, as they are desirous of acquiring English, which will be an asset to them, especially the business men, when they return to their beloved Belgium.

EN AVANT.

'LITTLE DIFFERENCES.' "AN ADMIRER of Belgium" does not seem to realise what the feelings of our Belgian friends are likely to be. He must remember, before he alludes to the likelihood of their fretting about "little differences in habit or sentiment of the two races," that their losses are almost as great as Job's, and that they are not likely to worry about such comparative details as the "differences" mentioned above.

I wonder what "An Admirer of Belgium" would do if he or she were a Belgian refugee who had lost home and home and was being well looked after by some hospitable and generous English people. I suppose he would fret a little, but not "too much," because his host's children hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve instead of putting their shoes on.

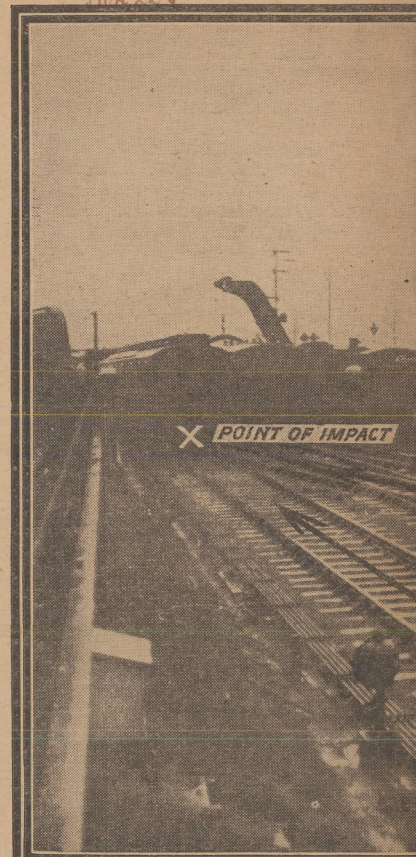
RATIONAL.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 1.—Even during January there is plenty of work to do in the garden when the weather is suitable. All paths, lawns and beds should be made quite tidy, and fallen leaves must be removed. Lawns can be dressed with rich soil, which must be continually brushed about. Fruit and other trees should be pruned this month and all dead wood removed. Climbers and climbing roses will now need tying up to their supports; cut away useless growth.

E. E. T.

DISASTROUS RAILWAY COLLISION AT ILFORD STATION ON



How the trains looked after the collision.

A photographic diagram



The tender of the wrecked engine was turned on its side like a matchbox.

Some of the

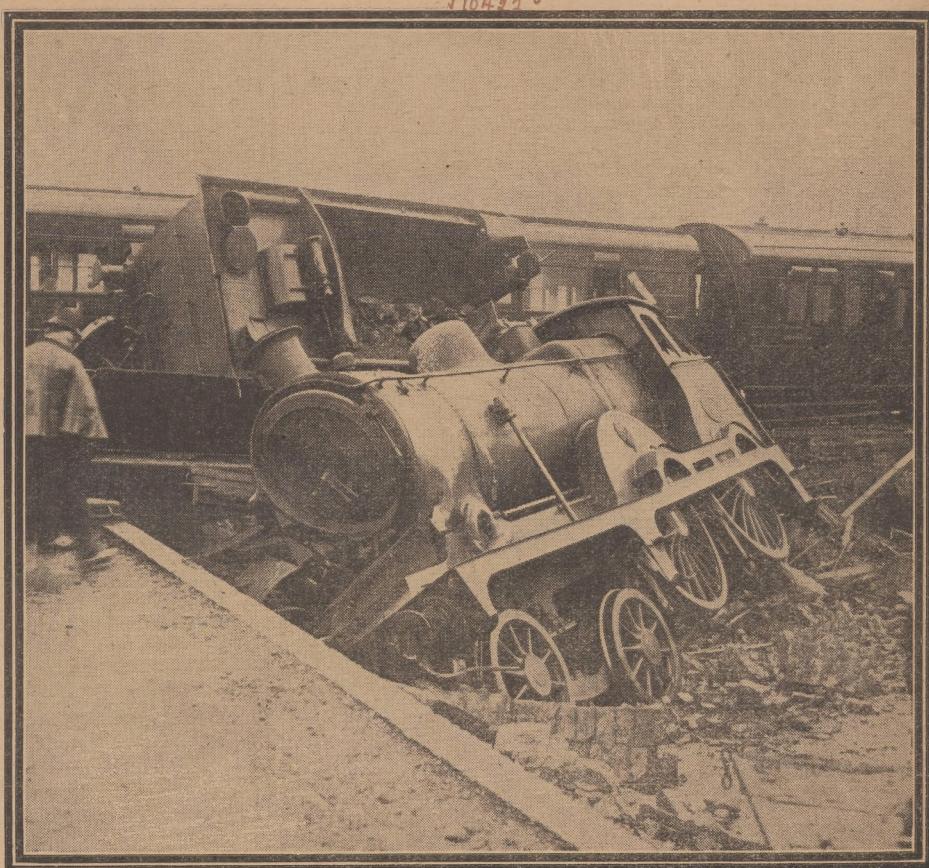
A terrible railway disaster occurred yesterday near Ilford Station. At 8.40 in the morning a Clacton passenger train ran into the side of a local Romford train, which was at the time

passing from the local line to the up through line. It is stated that the signals were set for the local train. A number of passengers were killed and many others injured. Several c

IN WHICH MANY PERSONS WERE KILLED AND INJURED.



the collision happened.



The battered front of the wrecked engine.



the collision.

Carriages were seriously damaged as well as the engine of the express. There was not much damage to the permanent way. There were over 1,000 spectators of this appalling accident.



Looking into the wreckage. - Carriages were, as will be seen, practically reduced to pulp.

Soldiers and members of the Ilford Civic Guard had to be brought in to clear the line. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

More letters showing how OXO is valued at the Front

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement in the great war. It is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion, either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

OXO aids and increases nutrition; it stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is exactly suited to the needs of our men at the front, and in training, as well as for general use in the home.



A gentleman has sent us a letter from his son in the Army Service Corps in which he says—

I must tell you how delighted I was to get the OXO. It is great. You should have seen us preparing it. We made a wood fire by the roadside, and boiled the water in an empty petrol can—enough for three of us. The OXO was made in my dixie can, in which we soaked some biscuits. We then placed the can on the fire to boil; all the time it was raining hard, but we were repaid by the satisfaction we got for our efforts.

I shall be very pleased to get some more when you are sending again, as a good cup of OXO before we turn in at night considerably warms us up.



From the Chief Petty Officers' Mess on one of H.M. Battleships.

Enclosed please find postal orders to the value of 30s. Will you please forward OXO as before to that value. You will perhaps notice that this is an increase in last month's order, which is a sure sign that OXO gets right there.

From an A.B. on H.M.S. "Landrail."

In my opinion there is no better gift anyone could make to our bluejackets, especially at a time like this, and when the nights (and days) are so nippy as they are at present.

Personally I think OXO is worth its weight in gold.

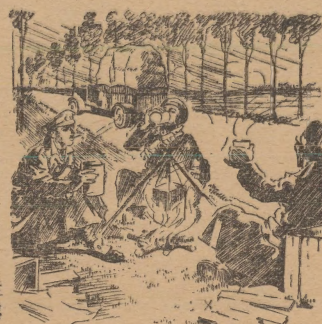
OXO is made in a moment and, with bread or a few biscuits, sustains for hours

OXO

From a member of the London Scottish with the British Expeditionary Force.

And so after all these horrors here I am living in a cow byre some way away from the firing line to recuperate. Like manna, however, your glorious box has arrived, coffee and milk, butter, Brand's Essence, OXO—oh joy! Never was seen a more glorious box, and all my cow byre is interested in it. We start to-night on our feast, and I am to thank you both from all my section for being so generous.

Reprinted from the "Globe," Dec. 12th, 1914.



Diary of a Rifleman of the Queen's Westminsters with the British Expeditionary Force.

For City men we have shaken down wonderfully, and our health generally is very good. The only change we can get from cold food is tea, OXO, etc. We cook in fires and pails, etc. The Germans, from the smoke we see rising from their trenches, seem to do things more elaborately.

Reprinted from the "Star," Dec. 9th, 1914.



Waring & Gillow's 'One Day in January'

ON THE DAY between the 4th and 30th of January on which our Cash Sales at our Oxford Street Galleries are largest, Waring & Gillow propose to hand over the total amount of each individual purchase up to £250 to the War Charities in the name of the Customer under the following conditions:—

The Certificate of our Auditors, Messrs. Harris, Allan & Co., will be published on the 10th of February, and if you bought on the day of the highest takings and paid within seven days, you will then be asked to designate the charities you wish to benefit and the amount spent will be sent in your name to the charities you select.

The above plan applies to all individual purchases in our Oxford Street Galleries from 1/- to £250. If you buy on the day of the highest sales more than the £250 worth of goods, £250 of it will be allocated as you wish, provided the amount is paid in cash at the time or within seven days from the date of purchase.

Thus we provide the opportunity for you to purchase goods of the Waring & Gillow style and quality at greatly reduced prices and at the same time enable you to benefit the War Charities.

During the 24 days from January 4th to 30th you get the great reductions in price for goods of quality whether you hit on the "greatest cash sales day" or not.

It depends entirely on the public how great the gift we can hand over. Come to the Galleries during January and take part in this worthy effort.

SEE MONDAY'S PAPERS
for LIST of WAR CHARITIES
YOU CAN SELECT FROM.

WARING & GILLOW
Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King. LTD
164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

**OUR USUAL
JANUARY BARGAINS**

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Any thing underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips. Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steady eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a career for himself.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier. As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day eye is finished.

Sylvia sits there, frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and crippled.

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead, and life is over.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greysville, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged a lady to dine at Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marzoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier and after an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be as good as over.

They return to Greysville together. One night Hillier overhears Lane annoying his wife, and dismisses him. Something that Lane says before he goes makes Hillier suspicious. At dinner he suddenly addresses Sylvia by her proper name—and she answers to it.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

IT had come, then, the moment she dreaded. Stanhope Lane had betrayed her. Jack knew, and Jack was playing with her like a cat and mouse... how cruel men were, even the best of men.

The room seemed to sway about her, and the face of her husband came to her as through a black mist—the mist of physical faintness that was falling, falling between her and reality.

Very distantly she heard Hillier laugh.

"Did I, old girl? And you answered—'Rummy, eh? Rummy folk, the two of us, my dear.'"

"I should probably answer if you called 'Fido,' she said.

Hillier made no response. He was wondering, wondering, "Was all the world party? Was all the world laughing at the blind fool who could not distinguish between two women, one nearly six years younger than the other?"

He made a sudden movement that sent the

it was in trivial ways such as these that criminals great and small were wont to betray themselves.

Criminals? The word was an ugly one, but was any word too ugly for a woman who could be capable of such deceit?

It was strange how swiftly his mind had leapt in response to Lane's innuendo... or was it that for weeks past, subconscious, perhaps yet existent, there had been a little devil of doubt lurking in his heart?

A little octopus devil, that had stretched out long tentacles, gathering up evidence... a voice infection here, a mood there, that glimpse of a girl's head, caught that afternoon at the nursing home when the bandages had slipped, a glimpse, blurred and strange as the vision of the man who of old saw men "as trees, walking," yet slight, indubitable sight, a lifting of the veil of darkness which had enshrouded him for months past.

Only, he must not leap too swiftly to a certain conclusion. These wonderful months of devotedness was a self-sacrifice—was he mad that he should allow them to be blotted out by the barbed malice of a dismissed employee?

"Valerie—is that a reproach? Do you insinuate very gracefully that I have led you a dog's life?"

Sylvia leaned her elbows on the table, and rested her head on her hands. It was in her heart at that moment almost to long for the end... the end that, anyway, had not come yet.

It was unendurable, this life... Tears of utter nerve weariness trickled slowly through her fingers.

"I wish you would not speak like that. I hate it—I hate it. Can you give me no credit for my love?"

There was a break of tears in her voice. Abruptly she rose, pushing back her chair.

"No, no; don't say anything. I don't want you to say anything. Only—will you mind if I leave you to drink your coffee alone? I'm tired. I'm sorry, Jack, but you ought to be accustomed to my moods by now. I didn't sleep well."

She hardly knew what she was saying. Probably she would not have cared very greatly if she had said but a word of her extraordinary incoherence. She was obsessed by one thought, one desire—to get away. To be alone...

"And that intolerable protégé of yours, Mr. Lane, annoyed me last night, she flashed out in her mind a confused idea of carrying the war into the enemy's country."

"I am sorry for that. I guessed as much," Hillier said quietly. Since you have mentioned the matter, I may as well say that was the reason I got rid of him so unexpectedly. But I did not wish to raise up a scandal—I should imagine, however, that in his heart the very shrewd suspicion of the reason for his dismissal.

"Jack..." She passed round behind his chair very quickly, and slipped her arm about his neck, drawing back his head so that she might kiss him on the lips. "I love you. I am so grateful that you have allowed me to love you..."

He heard the light rustle of her gown, the closing of the door, and knew that she was alone.

Almost immediately Johnson came in with the coffee. He poured it out, set the cup within reach of his master; laid the big silver cigarette box on the table, and the silver match-holder, and silently went out again.

The coffee, however, remained untouched, and, contrary to his usual custom, Hillier did not even make a pretence of lighting the cigarettes that were no longer smoked for his mistress's pleasure to him, but merely a symbol of a pleasure. He sat on at the table, his head sunk on his breast, thinking—thinking.

What a very strange thing that he could not explain to himself either then or afterwards at any period of his life, but in that moment that his wife's lips had touched his own, he had known the truth.

It was not Valerie this was a younger, an infinitely more passionate woman. This was Sylvia, the woman he had always known had been born to be mate in the true sense of the word.

What a fool he had been—that a fool! A cheat, a trickster and a liar—who had not scrupled to deceive a man stricken by the hand of God with a very real and permanent blindness. This woman who was bound to him by legal tie... not Valerie, the woman for whom he had served those three years of exile—the woman to whom he had pledged his troth in a green countryside in England... Sylvia, the schoolgirl.

The thought was like a drug, maddening and intoxicating. That one thought dominated him and all else was forgotten, that this woman had lived into his life as a lie—had, in plain English, committed the one unforgivable sin which a woman can commit in the eyes of a man who loves her—made a fool of him—transformed him into the laughing-stock of his friends.

Everything else was blotted out—those moments when she had come to him in his hour of despair, altering all the face of the world for him; that devotion that had never flinched before any need or mood of his.

A woman who had made a fool of him—who had lied to him from first to last.

Who else was party to this fraud? Valerie? Surely not. Lane? Was all the world party? Was all the world laughing at the blind fool who could not distinguish between two women, one nearly six years younger than the other?

He made a sudden movement that sent the

coffee cup spinning. He heard the subdued drip, drip of the liquid on the carpet.

Lane certainly had known. No doubt Lane in time would consider the matter one for an attempt to sue Hillier. Perhaps that was the explanation of the scene he had interrupted last night...

Already Lane had been attempting a species of blackmail...

He felt like a man who has blundered into a nest of horned lizards, and was a hairy, stung. He stumbled to his feet and across to the bell.

"That you, Johnson? Can you tell me—what kind of woman is your ladyship's mistress?"

"A well-mannered young woman, so far as I have observed her, sir."

Johnson's tone was scrupulously non-committal, despite the fact that an engagement was supposed to exist between the young woman in question and himself.

"A person to be trusted, you think, Johnson?"

Hillier passed his hand over his chin thoughtfully. The idea had come to him very suddenly, and as suddenly he had decided to put it into execution... to make his suspicions regarding his wife into an absolute certainty, by judicious interrogation of her maid. But he did not wish his servants to imagine that he desired in a vulgar way to spy on their mistress.

"To take you into my confidence, Johnson," he then said, "I wish to plan a surprise for my ladyship, and to do so I shall require the assistance of her maid. But if the girl is a gossip—or incapable of keeping a secret, well, of course, there the matter ends. It would spoil every thing."

"Quite so, sir. But I should opine that the young woman could be trusted in such a way."

Very well, bring her to me here. Is she likely to be in the house at this time?

It is essential, of course, that Lady Hillier should not know of the interview."

"She was in the hall when your bell rang, sir."

"Very good. Then I shall wait for her here."

PROOF!

AS he waited for the coming of the servant, Hillier stood restlessly up and down the dining room, feeling his way over the floor spaces beyond the small table where they had dined. Hillier was conscious of a swift revulsion of feeling.

He wished now that he had never sent for Valerie's woman.

No doubt already his request to see her had been the subject of a free discussion in "the parlour." Hillier was one of those men who have a dread of servants of their silent criticism and unceasing watchfulness. His blindness had increased the feeling abnormally.

More than once he paused with his finger on the bell, half minded to summon Johnson and tell him that he had changed his mind. Johnson would not be surprised; Johnson was accustomed to his moods and his weaknesses; between him and his master there existed, of necessity, more even than usual of that familiarity which renders no man a hero to his valet.

After all... the feeling of certainty that had come to him was probably some strange reflection from his angry mood of the night before, when for a fleeting second, as the sound of his voice, Lane's voice and Valerie's, had come to him, he had been conscious of a twinge of jealous suspicion.

It was absurd. Reason told him it was more impossible for the woman who was his wife to have deceived him, than for Valerie, masquerade as Valerie. It was absolutely reprehensible in him to indulge in these womanish instincts...

And yet... a young woman. Her ladyship's maid, Sir John.

Johnson's voice broke in on his thoughts. He had not even heard the opening of the dining-room door.

"Thanks. That will do, Johnson." He waited till the sound of the discreetly closed door came to him, his bandaged eyes turned towards it, still doubtful if he could proceed with this interrogation... if he did, how could he begin?

"You are her ladyship's maid, I believe? What is your name?"

"Lucy, sir." Valerie was a soft voice and a young one, and she argued with youthful and ingenuous disposition in its own, and was thankful not to hear pet tones or broken English.

"Well, Lucy." It was very difficult to begin. The whole thing was so horrible to him. To trap his wife through this girl, to whom... he had loved her had been kind...

"I want you to help me, if you will be so kind," he added lamely. "A blind man is very dependent on the kindness of those about him. I want you to lend me your eyes."

"My eyes, sir?" There was a startled note in the soft voice. Assuredly Lucy was young. Hillier's imagination pictured her blue-eyed and round of face, typically English and just a little stupid.

"Oh, not the actual orbs themselves, my girl," he said. "I want you, yes, that I want you to help me to choose a present for your mistress. But she must know nothing of this, you understand. It's a secret. Can you keep a secret, Lucy?"

Lucy gurgled softly.

"Oh, yes, sir."

Lucy's memory had sped back to Christmas-tides not so extraordinarily remote, and of presents made and bought that had been mighty

Cash-day Ended! Corries

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The tub and scrub method is superseded by...

BRADFORD'S "VOWEL" WASHER

No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will wash all kinds of laundry. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. B.2.1. PURCHASES:

Washing Machines from 85s. Carriage Washing Machines from 100s. Wringing Machines from 22s. Special Discount.

BUTTER CHURNS, BUTTERWHEELS, LAUNCHER-BAYERS FOR THE HOOTIE. "Everything else, the House and Dairy."

Write for Illustrated Catalogue (No. 331 A). THOS. BRADFORD & Co. Manufacturers, 141-142, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON. 152, Bold St., Liverpool; 1, Deansgate, Manchester.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—At 8.15, Harry Grattan's Revue ODDS AND ENDS. Times, 10s. 6d. Special Xmas Matinee, To-DAY 2.30.

APOLLO—2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat. CHARLES HARRIS' MIRAGE FROM NAIRS. COMEDY. Evens, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

DAVY'S, Leicester-square. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. Mats, Weds and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' TRAP. Evens, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

DUKE OF YORKS. Evens open all day. GILBERT & SULLIVAN. To-DAY, at 8. CHARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 10.15. Yearlings, 10.15. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8.

GARRICK. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. THE DOUBLE MYSTERY. ARTHUR DOUGHERTY and VIOLET VANBRUGH.

GLOBE—OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY GRAYTON in HAYMAKER. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 2.30 and 8.30. MATS, WEDS, THURS, SAT. ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GOREY, TRAVIS, and others. To-DAY, at 2 and 8.

JOHN LITTLE. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. THE PASSION OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION.

KINGSWAY. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. EVELYN MILLARD. THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy.

LITTLE THEATRE. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. A real Children's Play. Prices, 7d. 6d. 5d., unreserved. Children, 2d. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway, W.C. GRAN PANTOMIME. To-DAY, at 2 and 8.

LYRIC THEATRE. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. To-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.

PALLADIUM—PANTOMIME. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. DICK WHITTINGTON.

PRINCE OF WALES. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

ROYALTY. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

SCALA—KING OF THE ROYALTY. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

SHAFESBURY. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THEATRE ROYAL. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. 150 Artists. CLARIE MAYNE, Harry Waldron and Co. Lesire, Mr. Cyril Maude. To-DAY, at 2 and 8. and Twice Daily.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Formidable.

So the old Formidable has gone the way of Hogue, Cressy and Aboukir, ships that were all new together. Those end-of-last-century ships, the vessels we used to think so powerful and speedy in the Boer War days, have not had the best of luck in this war. In these super-Dreadnoughts days the older warships age so quickly. A fifteen-year-old warship was in the pride of youth when the Formidable was launched; to-day she is all but obsolete.

A Namesake at Trafalgar.

Formidable was always a great name in the French Navy. Our men had many a hard tussle in the old days with Formidables manned by the predecessors of those who are now our Allies. There was a Formidable at Trafalgar that was too much for us, and escaped. I hope the old name will not be long absent from our Navy List, it has such a fine record behind it. It would be fitting to pass it to one of the new battleships, and give her a chance to avenge the gallant men who died yesterday.

Heroine of a Stage Romance.

The heroine of one of our stage romances, Miss May Etheridge, once of the Shaftesbury Theatre, has just said good-bye to her husband, Lord Edward FitzGerald, who has rejoined his old regiment, the Irish Guards. The *Daily Mirror* had a special interest in this marriage, as it was the first paper to publish the announcement of the engagement, and the only paper represented at the actual ceremony.



Lady Edward FitzGerald

They Escaped.

This took place at the Wandsworth Register Office, in June, 1913, and it was much more exciting than weddings ordinarily are. Both the bride and the bridegroom wished to keep the occasion as secret as possible, and, in order to avoid the curiosity of a too sympathetic public, they escaped after the ceremony through an adjoining restaurant, out through a back yard and into a side road, where they found shelter in a friendly taxicab.

Saved by an Ape.

Lord Edward FitzGerald is the youngest brother of the Duke of Leinster, who is the premier Duke of Ireland. The FitzGerald has always been fighting men. It was a warrior ancestor of his who wore three monkeys as his strange crest and supporters of the family arms, owing, it was said, to his having been saved from a fire in his castle by a tame ape.

Russian Charity.

For organised and commonsense charity the methods of our Russian Allies are hard to beat. I heard from a friend in Moscow yesterday, M. Michael Lykiardopolos, the secretary of the Moscow Art Theatre, that a hospital containing thirty-five beds is attached to his theatre, and that the whole expense of its upkeep—rent, salaries of attendants, doctors, food, medicines, etc.—is borne by the entire staff of the theatre.

Everyone Contributes.

From the salary of every person employed 2 per cent. is voluntarily deducted for this purpose each month. From directors down to stage carpenters and dressers each one bears a share, and to gain more funds for this good purpose tickets are sold at ordinary prices for the dress rehearsals of each new performance, the whole proceeds going to the Red Cross organisation.

Helping Belgium.

The Russians, too, are raising large sums for the relief of the Belgians. A recent special matinee of "The Blue Bird" produced £2,500, which was sent to M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the author of the play, to distribute among Belgian refugees. All the chief Russian towns have their "Belgian Play Days."

Cheers for Sturdee.

M. Lykiardopolos also tells me that the news of Admiral Sturdee's victory off the Falklands and of the B.I.'s daring raid in the Dardanelles excited the greatest enthusiasm in Moscow. In theatres and restaurants people cheered enthusiastically and demanded "God Save the King" and "Rule, Britannia" from the orchestras.

Who Envied the Kaiser?

My notes the other day on Queen Amelie of Portugal's interesting autograph album have reminded a correspondent that the Duchess of Argyll is also the owner of a similar book. In her case she has succeeded in getting a number of royal personages to answer the question: "Who envies you?" The Kaiser's reply to this question is typical of the man. "Only one man does not envy me," he wrote; "he who does not love his native country."

Everyone and Nobody.

Austria's Emperor Francis Joseph replied: "Everyone who is not an Emperor envies me," while the Tsar expressed his views at greater length: "He who is not burdened with the cares of an immense Empire and has not to suffer the sufferings of his people envies me." There is something pathetic in the words of the late King Leopold of Belgium. "Nobody envies me," he wrote. "I myself would not envy myself were I out of myself. Nobody in this world envies me."

King Edward's Plaint.

The late King Edward expressed his well-known longing for a private life in his answer. He was still Prince of Wales when he wrote: "He may envy me—the man who may be slightly ill without the report being put into circulation all over Europe." His Royal Highness is seriously ill. The man who can lunch without the newspapers saying, "His Royal Highness is with a great appetite." The man who can go to the races without people writing, "His Royal Highness was betting heavily." In a few words, the man who belongs to his family and whose doings are not spied on and falsely interpreted envies me.

Tragi-Comedy of "Uncle."

One of the minor tragedies of the German occupation of Brussels was the temporary passing of the Municipal Mont-de-Piété or pawnshop. I call it tragedy because borrowers there are always. After much petitioning the Germans have consented to reopen the pawnshop, but only lend a maximum sum of 5s., no matter how valuable the security may be.

The Old Trick.

The Kaiser's present mania for travelling east and west, north and south, is, after all, no new thing. When he came to the throne the numerous journeys he undertook to visit European monarchs earned him the name of "der Reise-Kaiser" (the travelling Kaiser).

They Like the Jingle.

Germans, who have had two other Kaisers besides the present one, seem to have a fancy for decorating the title of their ruler with an epithet that almost rhymes with Kaiser. William I., grandfather of the present Emperor, lived to be ninety-one, and well earned the name of "der Greise-Kaiser" (the grey-haired Emperor). Frederick III., who reigned only ninety-nine days, was distinguished for his love of letters and learning, and his subjects dubbed him "der Weise-Kaiser," or the wise Emperor.

New Year's Lead Pouring.

Regulations restricting the use of metals must have interrupted a quaint New Year's Eve custom in Germany this year. The family assemblies, each supplied with a piece of lead. Each in turn melts it in an old spoon and drops the molten metal into a pail of water. Then the solid piece is taken out and held in the light so as to cast a shadow on the wall. The form taken by the shadow gives a hint of what the year will bring. A pig means luck, a slipper marriage, a bird a baby, a ship a long journey, and so on.

Lucy Wants to "list."

Lucy is a dear little six-year-old girl friend of mine who takes a vast interest in the war. I called on her parents yesterday and found her in deep disgrace: she had cut off all her pretty hair in order, as she explained to her mother, "that I might be a boy and soon a man and ven 'list and kill the Kaiser."

A Fine Record.

There is a very proud farm labourer at Eastleigh, near Bideford, North Devon, so Lady Rosamond Christie writes to tell me. He is Thomas Parker, and he recently received a letter on behalf of the King congratulating him on the patriotism and loyalty of his family. Out of six sons five have joined the new armies, only one boy fifteen years old being left at home.

"Mr. Ollie man."

"Tommy at the front" has a new name for the German, I hear. He knows him as "Mr. Ollie man." It sounds a little obscure, but the origin is really simple. "Tommy" is speaking French; the French for German is "Allemand," which linguistic "Tommy" pronounces "Ollie man." And there you are.

774 Footballs Already.

We made good progress in the football campaign yesterday. Nine new footballs arrived as well as enough money to buy several more. The actual total of footballs received now stands at 774 and money in hand to add to that number. So our climb towards the 1,000 mark is going on nicely, thank you.

A Good Example.

I should like to commend the example set by this pretty actress to other friends of "Tommy." She is Miss Alice Wyatt, now playing principal boy at the Grand Theatre, Hull. Miss Wyatt has collected 12s. 6d. from the members of the company to buy a football. She thinks it would be a good idea if other pantomime companies would follow suit. Spread over the whole company, the individual subscription is very small, but the joy the man at the front extracts from the resultant football is great.



Miss Alice Wyatt.

another ball this week. My thanks, too, to the London Wall Telephone Exchange for the ball I received from them.

Better Than Pay.

Among yesterday's acknowledgments was this breezy account of the arrival of one of *The Daily Mirror* footballs at the Base Stationery Depot, somewhere in France: "On Christmas Eve, soon after dinner," writes Sergeant-Major Dolphin, "twenty or so of our men were standing in groups of two and three in a corridor awaiting the 'fall in' of the pay parade. Just then a rather small parcel was brought up to the men and I opened it. When its contents were revealed a shout of joy went up and pay for the moment was absolutely forgotten. The parcel, I need hardly say, contained the football."

The Entente "Corporal."

The Rev. H. T. R. Briggs, of Christ Church, Neuilly, near Paris, who has had a lot to do with British soldiers in Paris, tells of an amusing incident that recently happened in the military hospital of Val-de-Grace, so my Paris gossip writes me. Two corporals, one French and the other English, were lying in adjoining beds, and, although they could not speak a word of each other's language, they became very friendly. When the British corporal was admitted he had lost most of his clothes, and the Frenchman remarked: "Ah, les sales boches!"—the dirty Germans.

Did Him a Good Turn.

Some time later 150 German prisoners arrived at Val-de-Grace, and the Frenchman saw his opportunity for doing his English comrade-in-arms a good turn. Slipping out of bed after dusk, he returned shortly after with a fine pair of boots he had taken from a German. "Bon pour toi!" he said, putting them under the corporal's bed. "Tu vas te promener avec." The Frenchman recovered and left hospital, but the Englishman remains there, and the boots are still beneath his bed.

Dropped Bombs on Strasburg.

Monsieur Aimé Vallet, one of France's youngest and pluckiest airmen, accomplished an audacious raid a week ago, some details of which I heard yesterday. He rose from a point a dozen miles behind the French lines, flew eighty miles into German territory, and dropped a couple of bombs over Strasburg on important points. He was away three hours on the flight and suffered a good deal from the cold. When he came down his compass was a solid block of ice. The young airman is likely to be promoted for his audacious raid. THE RAMBLER.



Actual size.

THE BADGES OF His Majesty's Forces.

Messrs. H. Brandon and Co., the well-known firm of manufacturing jewellers, have produced a replica of the actual badge as worn on the caps of His Majesty's soldiers, but so made that they can be worn as brooches by both ladies and gentlemen. They are finished in gilt and silver, and also made of real sterling silver and set gold. They are not the cheap photographs or regimental buttons which have recently been placed on the market, but absolutely the correct and actual badge.



Actual size.

only reduced in size. Each one is packed in a leatherette silk-lined box, and would make an admirable gift to a friend, fiancée



Actual size.



Actual size.

or relative. The prices are 2s. each either silver or gilt, 5s. 6d. in sterling silver, and £1 10s. 0d. in set gold. They are obtainable from all first-class jewellers and stores, or direct from



Actual size.



Actual size.

Messrs. H. Brandon and Co., of 8, 9, 10, 16, 17, Southampton House, High Holborn, London, W.C., who are the actual makers. The badges of the following regiments are now ready:—

Royal Field Artillery	Royal Army Medical
Honourable Artillery Company	Corps
Middlesex Regiment	London Scottish
Army Service Corps	Grenadier Guards

All badges of other regiments will be ready in several days' time. Wholesale houses who do not happen to stock them should put themselves in communication with the above firm. Telephone No.: Hol. 6895. Telegrams: Wizardlike, Holborn, London.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Articles for Disposal.

BRACH'S Great Sale—Curtains (all makes), Linens, Hoosier, Blankets, Quilts; huge reductions; send for sale list, full of Amazing Bargains, post free—8, Peach and Sons, 219, The Loo, Nottingham.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth on vulcanite to 2s. on metal; cash—Bells, Ltd., Leeds. ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post, almost value per return or offer made—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London, E.C.10. 100 years. COAST by Return for old Jeweller, artificial teeth (any condition) watches, silver and plated articles, curios, bronzes and Co., 35, Oxford-st., London, W. GENT'S Ladies' left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good prices—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED, respectable Girls to learn hair-brushing; good wages—Apply 35, Clerkenwell-close, E.C.1.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

secrets—faithfully kept. Hillier's guess at her personality had been a very accurate one. The young country girl Sylvia had chosen to wait upon her was a very unsophisticated person, but very cordial. Hence the understanding with the not very susceptible Johnson.

Hillier turned away impatiently, sick with disgust of the thing he was doing. This simple country lass, and the woman who had thanked him for permitting her to love him... his wife... and all because of a few malicious words spoken by a chagrined and dismissed employee—dismissed because he had dared to insult a woman.

"Oh, I don't know," he broke out. "I can't make up my mind..."

"Jewellery, sir? Ladies—"

Hillier interrupted her brusquely in her gauche suggestion.

"Tell me, Lucy," he demanded, suddenly, "how would you describe the colour of her ladyship's hair?"

"Oh, sir," the country girl drew in a short breath. "That's none so easy, is it, sir? Her ladyship's hair varies so—sometimes it seems pure gold, sometimes it's tawny-like, beautiful, the colour of a beech leaf in the autumn..."

"The colour of a beech leaf in the autumn," Hillier repeated.

He heard no more of what the girl was saying. This country lass, who adored and admired her mistress, had, by an odd coincidence, used the very phrase by which he had himself once described Sylvia's hair—"Dead leaf gold..."

"Thanks, Lucy! You've given me the very idea I required. I shall not go astray now in ordering my gift. But I won't tell you yet—in case, after all, you might prove not able to keep a secret."

"But I would, sir." She was disappointed and a little affronted. Even the gold coin that Hillier slipped clumsily into her hand did not altogether appease her.

Hillier stood motionless where she had left him, beside the table.

Sylvia, not Valerie, this woman who had come out and married him. Sylvia, who had fooled him to the top of his bent. Sylvia, who had made him an object of ridicule in the eyes of the whole world...

As he stood there alone, with an aching, working face, there was something so strange, so humiliated in his pose that if, for a moment, Stanhope Lane could have looked into that desolate room he might have felt his feelings of wounded pride assuaged, his desire for revenge and retaliation sated to the full.

There will be a dramatic instalment on Monday.

RACING AT MANCHESTER.

Wretched weather marked the opening stage of the New Year's meeting at Manchester yesterday, and it was not surprising in the circumstances that the attendance was much below the average.

As is usually the case, fields were on the small side, but even with few horses competing in most of the races there were several surprises. For the concluding stage of the meeting selections are appended—

- 1.0—Maiden Hurdle—OPPLIGER.
- 1.50—Juvenile Hurdle—ATHERTON.
- 2.0—Manchester Steeplechase—CAHRIORUE.
- 2.50—Pest Park Hurdle—POULTNEY CLAIM.
- 3.0—Paddock Steeplechase—COSIMA.
- 3.50—Castle Steeplechase—COTTAGE MAIDEN.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
ATHERTON and COSIMA.
BOUVERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

- 1.0—Welter Flat Race. 2m—Kingsborough (5-3, Wins).
- 1.1—Barnet (9-4), 2; Wreck (5-1), 3; 9 ran.
- 1.50—Cliff Steeplechase. 2m—Claydon (6-2, W. J. Smith), 1; Bruton (4-7), 3; Andy White (7-1), 3; 4 ran.
- 2.0—New Year Hurdle. 2m—Leedery (5-6, Watts), 1; Glassbrook (9-2), 2; Salamander (100-8), 3; 5 ran.
- 2.50—Friday Hurdle. 2m—First Smoke (100-6, Lancaster), 1; Persian Outlet (13-8), 2; Stepping Stone (100-7), 3; 15 ran.
- 3.0—January Steeplechase. 3m—Thraldon (4-1, W. J. Smith), 1; King of the Scarlets (5-1), 2; Jack Symons (6-4), 3; 5 ran.
- 3.50—Canal Steeplechase. 2m—Monreith (1-3, A. Aylin), 1; 2 ran.

The twenty-rounds boxing match between the Dixie Kid and Nicol Simpson at King last night was declared a draw after a very exciting bout.

WOMEN AND GIRLS SHOT.

Huns' Trail of Barbarity in Harmless Belgian Villages—3,000 Houses Burnt.

Terrible accounts of pillage, incendiarism and wholesale executions are given in the eighth report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry on the Violation by the Germans of the Rules of International Law.

The following are typical extracts from the report, which deals with the Province of Belgian Luxembourg:—

"The first care of the soldiers on arriving in a village was to ask for wine and spirits. Soon they got drunk, and scenes of cruelty, incendiarism and promiscuous shooting immediately followed."

"At Arlon the pillage of civilian houses was carried out by order of the military authorities. Eleven days after the town was occupied the telephone wire was broken. The military authorities gave the town four hours to produce a war contribution of £4,000 in cash, adding that if the cash was not forthcoming 100 houses would be pillaged. The money was finally produced, but forty-seven houses had already been sacked by order of the officers."

"The number of houses burnt in the Province of Luxembourg is over 3,000."

In a great number of villages the German troops gave themselves up to veritable executions en masse. The number of men shot in the whole province is over 1,000. The following figures relate to certain villages only:—

Thimigny, 157 shot; Beaulieu, 106 shot; Etbe, about 300 persons shot, 530 in all missing; Latour, only 17 men surviving in the village; Maisin, 10 men, 1 woman and 1 young girl shot, 2 men and 2 women wounded; Anioy, 62 men and women shot.

About 111 persons of the Communes of Etbe and Rosignol were publicly shot at Arlon. Some days later eight persons from neighbouring communes were executed there.

In the most part of these villages the troops did not even allege that they had been attacked by the civilian population.

NEWS ITEMS.

Famous Cricketer Wounded.

Lieutenant H. G. Garnett, the well-known Lancashire cricketer, has been wounded in action.

£21,000 Left to Housekeeper.

Out of an estate valued at £123,048 Mr. John Henry Burley, of The Grange, Leamington, left £21,000 to Emma Loweth, his housekeeper, and £30,000 to charity.

Austria to Try Again.

Austria-Hungary, says Reuter, is reported to be preparing to send a new expedition against Serbia, and the monarchy's army will number fully a million men.

Famous Charger as Host.

Marlborough, Lord Wolseley's famous charger, acted as host yesterday at the annual dinner provided for the inmates of the Home for Rest for Horses at Crickeewood.

Turks Fire on Excursion Train.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.), Jan. 1.—Two Turks fired on an excursion train near Silvertown yesterday, killing and wounding several persons, but were afterwards both shot dead by the police.—Central News.

Victim of "Kultur."

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

Private William Lonsdale, who was reported to have been condemned to death for an assault at Doherty Concentration Camp, Berlin, lives in Leeds, and was called up from his employment as a tramway-car conductor.

THIS SUPERB MAGNETO CORSET

SENT FOR 1/ (See Coupon below.)

Mr. Ambrose Wilson's Marvellous Invention. "The Corset that Cures." Is now within the reach of every woman who fills in and sends to-day the Coupon below.

For 1s. only you can have and wear at once one of my 5s. 11d. "Magneto Corsets." And it will fit you like a glove.

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel a ceaseless stream of Magnetic Power permeating your whole body from head to heel. The joy of New Life, of New Health and New Vigour thrills through every nerve. You feel a different woman. Your outlook upon life is different—brighter, happier, and more hopeful.

My Magneto Corsets are Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands, to test yourself, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my corsets can do for you?

that I have faith in what my corsets can do for you?

The price of my corset is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 1s. 11d., but I do not ask you to send me that amount. All I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1s., and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red-letter day to you the day you receive the Corsets, because it will be the beginning of a new life.

POST TO-DAY.

"ON APPROVAL." COUPON.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON (Corset Dept. 111), Vulcan House, 54, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your correct measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 5s. 11d. either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....
Foreign and Colonial orders must be accompanied by the full amount, and 1s. 6d. extra for postage.

GET BACK YOUR HEALTH, YOUR STRENGTH, YOUR VIGOUR!

MY MARVELLOUS MAGNETO BELT POURS NEW LIFE INTO YOU EVERY HOUR THAT YOU WEAR IT.

I will send YOU one for

See Coupon Below.

New Life and New Vigour can now be assured to all. Are you rheumatic?

Yes. Then you can drive these pains out in less than a week. Are you nervous, run-down, not up to the mark?

Yes. Then you can banish these troubles and be strong and vigorous.

Do you have headaches, neuralgia, fits of depression, mind-wandering?

Do you feel you want to do things, but cannot because you lack the Will Power?

In a word, if you are not in full possession of all your mental and physical powers the way has been opened up to you by which you can regain them.

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

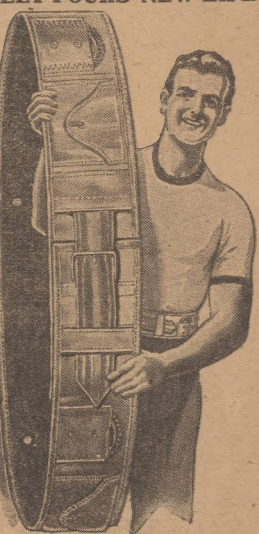
My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

My Magneto Belt is Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

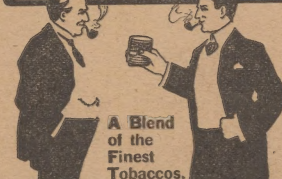


BRITISH BRINE,
BRITISH MEN,
BRITISH BRAINS,
make

CELESTIAL SALT

THE BEST the World can produce.

ANTHON'S MIXTURE



A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per 2/- Quarter Pound ounce.
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also:
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

H.M.S. Formidable Sunk in the English Channel: Photograph

PIG Captured as a
Prisoner of War by
the French : : Picture

The Daily Mirror

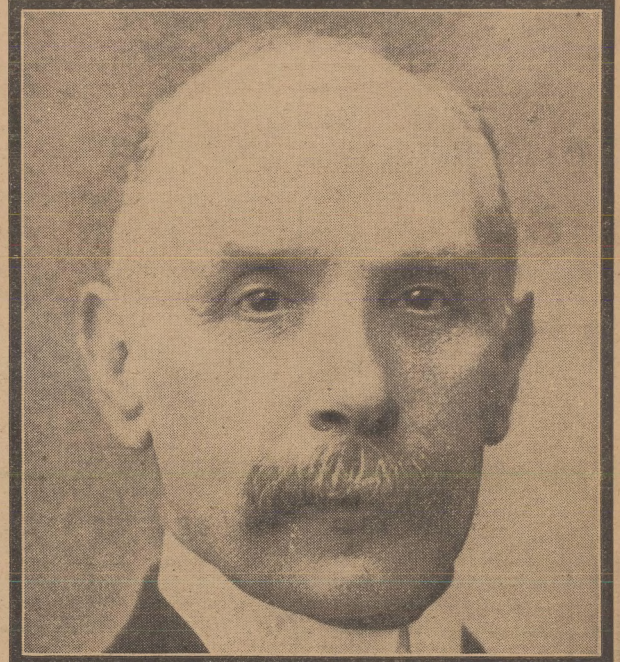
CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

BIG and Little Willies'
Unsuccessful Conjuring
Trick : : : Cartoon

THE TERRIBLE TRAIN SMASH AT ILFORD: SCENES OF THE DISASTER.



Mr. Richardson (who was killed) with his wife and little daughter. He was an employee of the Great Eastern Railway.



Mr. George Maylam, one of the killed.



Raising one of the wrecked carriages.

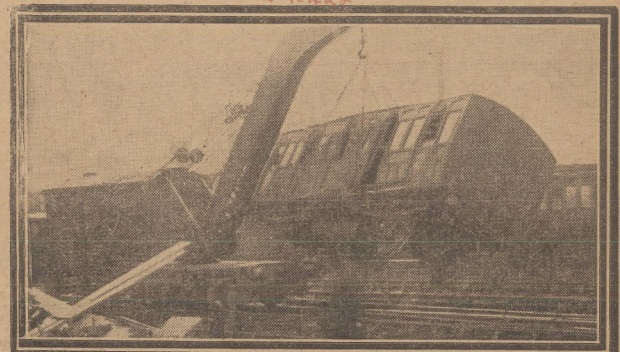
Amongst the killed in the terrible train disaster at Ilford was Mr. George Maylam, clerk in the chief manager's department of the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Maylam



Mr. Alexander White was killed.



Mr. August Lambert (who was killed), with his wife.



Lifting another carriage.

compiled the time-tables for the company. Many of the passengers had very narrow escapes. Remarkable scenes followed the disaster.

All "The Daily Mirror" war photographs are the copyright in the United States of America and Canada of the "New York Times."